GATHERING IN THE TRUANTS.

A Work of Real Danger and Lots of Excitement Sometimes—Raids Necessary.

Small boys who play hookey from school are making laborious days for the men and women whose business it is to lead them to the fount of learning.

"Never before have we been so busy," said one of the forty-four city truant officers. "I have more than four hundred cases on my list, and am adding new ones every day. My district, on the lower East Side, is the worst in town for truants, but all the officers are hard pressed.

"The new law is the main cause of this unusual rush of work. We are now expected to see that not only all the healthy children under 14 go to school for at least 180 days in the year, but also that those between 14 and 16 attend night school if they are working during the day. Moreover, we're expected to keep a special eye on newsboys and bootblacks."

The truant officer spoke hastily, for a hearing was on and he had his cases to present. It was in a room in a downtown school building. Seated on chairs close to the walls were mothers, who looked as if they hadn't spared the rod, clutching by the hand small boys with tear stained cheeks. Principals were there and teachers.

In succession the boys were led up to the district superintendent. A principal and truant officer would lay the facts of a case before him. The mother would have her say, while the boy, fearful of being "sent away," would usually weep afresh. This was evidently the dark side of hookey.

The mothers were told explicitly that unless they kept their boys in school they would be summoned to a Magistrate's court. One mother admitted that her twelve year old hopeful was beyond her control, and gave her written consent, reluctantly, to sending him to the Truants' Home.

"There is a hearing like this in each district once a week," said the truant officer, "and we also have special hearings just after the raids."

"The raids?"

"Why, yes. We've taken to making raids on gangs of street boys. It is a new scheme, but so far it has worked well. You see, a truant officer, single handed, can't do anything with the newsboys and bootblacks and young loungers who hang around the corners during school hours. He's a marked man in his district. When they see him coming they run.

"This being so, he calls to his aid half a dozen others, as well as two or three policemen. We gather in a school building in the morning, and sally out just after 9 o clock, when all good boys should be at their lessons.

"As soon as we sight the game the officer of the district drops back, so as not to frighten them. Some of us take what you might call strategic positions, and the rest saunter up to the group.

"When we grab for the boys they scatter, of course, and a good many dodge us, but some run into our arms. It would amuse you to see us chasing them. There's no rough treatment, of course.

"When one wriggles away we have the laugh on the man whose fingers he slipped through. Altogether we do some pretty nimble stepping, and have some fun in this work of gathering in boys who should be in school. The captives are taken to the nearest school building, where we send for their parents, and have a hearing.

"The raids are only one of the little excitements in the life of a truant officer. I always carry with me a revolver, a policeman's billy, a pair of handcuffs, a whistle for summoning aid, and disinfectants. On the lower East Side I need them all.

"Why, if I hadn't had my gun where I could reach it quick the other day the chances are that I wouldn't be here now. It was in a tenement house filled with Italians.

"I had been at a certain door a couple of times inquiring about a boy, and had been told by the Italian who answered my knock that he had never heard of the youngster. Parents often do that.

"Well, I finally made sure that he was the father of this boy. I went to him again, and began to give him some pretty plain talk. All of a sudden I saw his eyes blaze. In about three jumps he had reached the table and caught up a big knife. Then he turned on me. It was the first time I had ever seen such a look in a man's face. It meant murder, sure.

"I backed off without losing any time, and reached for my revolver. 'Now then,' I said to him, leveling it at his eyes, 'if you take another step in this direction I'll shoot you. Go back to the table and lay down that knife. Quick!'

"He did as he was told, and before I left I had him apologizing. 'Ze blood rush to my head. I get crazy,' he explained. His boy is going to school every day now.

"I have a lot of trouble with Italians. Among them are more truants than in any other nationality. They seem to have the most difficulty in grasping the idea that the Government not only provides free education, but makes it compulsory.

"The Russian Jews like to keep their children at home to work. Even when they're going to school some of the children toil for long hours every day. I've come in contact with youngsters of not more than 7 or 8 who begin to work on 'pants' at 6 in the morning. They have a half session at school from 9 to 12—and then go back to their sweatshop task, and keep it up till 10 o'clock at night.

"A good many of these people are not particularly fond of me, and yet my popularity varies with the time of day. Before 9 in the morning you would think I was a regular Santa Claus from the way the children flock around me.

"I generally reach my office about 8:30, and all the way down the street after I turn the corner I have them shaking hands with me, catching my coat tails and dancing around me. But after 9 o'clock I can't get within half a block of them. Sometimes, during my unpopular hours, I become a target for missiles of various kinds.

"I came near being mobbed one day last week. I had traced a tough young Irish truant to his flat, but while I was standing in the doorway talking with his father the boy escaped. He had gone into what I thought was an inner room, saying that he wanted to change his shirt. That room had a door leading out into the hall.

"Feeling very much annoyed, more at my own stupidity than anything else, I told his father that I would get a warrant for his arrest for helping the boy to defy the law unless he brought him to me. He said he couldn't do it, but the sister of the boy, a girl of 16, went down to the street and brought him back with her. He had evidently told his pals what was up, though, for when I reached the door I found myself facing as tough a lot of boys as you could see anywhere. They were members of a gang that hangs around that neighborhood.

"Jeers and yells greeted me, and one fellow tried to catch me behind. I clapped a handcuff on my prisoner, and, pulling out my billy, began to lay about me, at the same time trying to push my way through the crowd.

"But it kept growing bigger and was pressing closer. I became a regular storm centre, and could see myself with a broken head. Not liking the prospect, I whistled for help. The gang had made a few passes, but hadn't yet reached me when two policemen came running up. We cleared a pathway in short order, and I got my boy around to the school. That's the sort of experience we have now and then in carrying the blessings of education to the East Side.

"Boys have a great fear of being 'sent away,' that is, of being placed in the Truants' Home, but after being released I've heard some say they would like to go back. They grow very fond of the place. To be sent there ceases to be a punishment. The home is much more attractive than the places they have been accustomed to call by that name."

A big brick building surrounded by lawns and trees not far from Richmond Hill on Long Island, is where the truants of New York are housed, fed and taught. A boy whose good conduct has given him a special place in the confidence of his teachers entertained there for a little while the other day a visitor who was waiting for the principal.

"Dis place is all right," said the boy. "De grub's fine. Yer git meat an' pudd'n', an' yer kin have all yer want except when y've got marks. Den y've got to git along on just bread. But dis doin' widout meat fer bein' bad ain't nuthin' to de quiet.

"De quiet? Why, dat's a little room up on de top floor. It has a big window dat looks out on the trees an' grass, but when ye're in dey lock de shutters an' it's just light enough fer yer to see de mottoes on de walls. Dere ain't nuthin' fur ye to do but just sit an' think, an' sometimes dey keep yer in dere fer a whole day and a night. I don't want no more o' dat, so I'm good now."

When a visitor enters a school room at the home, the boys, at the command of the teacher, rise in their places like small soldiers and give a military salute. Out in the gymnasium they drill every morning to music of a drum and fife corps of their own.

They are farmers as well as soldiers. They have planted and harvested about 300 bushels of potatoes, and considerable quantities of tomatoes, turnips, beans and other vegetables since spring. They have also made hay, built a large chicken coop, and done other kinds of very practical work around the spacious grounds. This is a part of the manual training course.

The boys retire to small white beds in a long dormitory at 8 o'clock at night and are up at 6 for breakfast, followed by military drill. On the second floor of the little chapel, which is a separate building, is a hospital, but it rarely has an inmate. The boys grow in weight and general health in a few weeks after they come to the home, and most of them would be very glad to remain there were it not for the restrictions on their liberty.

12,000 POTENTIAL ROYALTIES.

Most of 'Em With Rights to Britain's Throne —Very Plain Folks Among 'Em.

It will be news to many people that there are almost 12,000 living persons who have British royal blood in their veins. There are, and the Marquis de Ruvigny, who finds his recreation in genealogical research, proves it in a thick volume just issued in England.

The Marquis gives the names of 11,723 living persons who are legitimate descendants of Edward IV., Henry VII. of England and James III. of Scotland, with pedigrees to show how they obtain that distinction. The list includes the names of every Christian crowned head in the world, except the Kings of Sweden and Servia and the Princes of Monaco and Montenegro, and most of the higher nobility of European countries.

It also includes scores of commoners—humble Smiths, Browns and Joneses in the most modest circumstances, whom nobody would think of associating with a royal pedigree. The Marquis numbers them in the order of their nearness to the head of the family and—if descent really counted in that matter—to the British throne.

It doesn't, for the Act of Settlement of 1701 barred the Catholic sons of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, sister of Charles I., from the succession and settled it on the children of her Protestant daughter, the Electress of Hanover, beginning with George I. All the same, though, the Marquis, taking the view of the ardent legitimist, labels as No. 1 of the blood royal Mary Theresa Henrietta Dorothea, Princess Louise of Bavaria, whom he describes as "heiress of the House of Stuart and by hereditary right Queen of England, Scotland, France and Ireland."

Of course, in the family pedigree she comes before Edward VII., the actual King, in the Marquis's book. So do Don Carlos of Spain, dozens of European princelings and hundreds of commoners. But that unlucky Act of Settlement bars 'em all.

If among the lineal descendants of these three Kings were counted those whose pedigrees are crossed with the bar sinister, no book would hold them all. The Marquis counts only the legitimate lines.

As a sample of how the thing works out, take the Duke of Devonshire, who has just left the British Ministry. He is No. 3,653 from the Princess of Bavaria; nevertheless by the Marquis de Ruvigny's calculations he is by right of descent nearer to the throne than his lawful sovereign. This is how the royal strain in the Duke's blood is traced:

He is a son of Lady Blanche Georgiana Howard, who was a daughter of Lady Georgiana Dorothy Cavendish, who was a daughter of Lady Georgiana Spencer, who was a daughter of the first Earl Spencer, who was a son of Lady Georgiana Caroline Spencer, who was a daughter of Frances Worsley, who was a daughter of Frances Thynne, who was a daughter of Lady Francis Finch, who was a daughter of Lady Mary Seymour, who was a daughter of William, Duke of Somerset, who was a son of Lord Beauchamp, who was a son of Lady Katherine Grey, who was a daughter of Lady Frances Brandon, who was a daughter of Mary Tudor, who was a daughter of Henry VII.

The pedigrees of the mere commoners are traced with equal care. The job has involved years of work for the Marquis, but he likes it. He shows that some 10,000 out of the 11,723 partial royalties he has discovered have remained in England. The rest are scattered all over the world—in India, America, Australia and even Japan and Mexico.

WOMEN REALLY IN POLITICS.

THEY HAVE OPENED CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS FOR FUSION.

Hold Two Meetings a Day Under Guidance of the Citizens' Union, and Though the Speakers Are Mostly Men the Women Run the Thing—Night Rally Next.

When the Women's Municipal League opened campaign headquarters at 33 Union Square about a week ago, many New Yorkers began to believe for the first time that women, or, at least, some women, were taking seriously to politics. The news was variously received.

Men and women who have always talked contemptuously of petticoat government, scowled. Others, who believe that with women helping to direct political machinery the millennium would not be long in arriving, openly rejoiced.

There can be no doubt that this particular move on the part of the Women's Municipal League has attracted attention in new quarters, for although this is not the first time the league has dabbled in politics, never before has it dreamed of hiring public headquarters in a populous thoroughfare and putting the place in charge of women.

Naturally, no one rejoices more over the occurrence than women suffragists, who see in it the essential fruition of their most cherished desires. Meanwhile, in the stronghold itself, the women in charge were busy receiving visits—more or less flattering—from men and women—particularly from men—and handing out campaign literature. If any timidity was exhibited on either side, it was on the side of the visiting men.

At first some workmen who ventured through the open door at the noon hour did it with manifest hesitation, not to be misunderstood. One of them confessed afterward that his wife had warned him to keep away from the place and that he had expected to find there the masculine type of woman with short hair, rainy day skirt, four-in-hand tie and rampant on her hobby of good government.

The astonishment of this same man when, after screwing up his courage to march in, his hat firmly planted on his head, he was met by graceful women wearing picture hats, the newest skirts and the most approved Fifth avenue drawing room smile, took the outspoken form of "Well, I guess you're not so different after all from the other women." And he took his hat off.

Three of the league's smartest members from the social point of view form its campaign committee. They are Miss Margaret Chanler, chairman; Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, treasurer; Mrs. Paul Revere Reynolds, secretary. But then none of these women are in evidence in the campaign headquarters. Oh, dear, no! They are not that kind of campaigners.

"Mrs. Lowell never sees reporters under any circumstances," says the maid who answers the door at Mrs. Lowell's house, and it is intimated at the headquarters that none of the three campaign ladies welcomes interrogations from outsiders.

Besides this head committee there are three sub-committees who give their undivided attention, respectively, to finance, publication and meetings.

From a financial point of view there can be no question that the league is doing good work. Last week it gave more than $4,000 to the Citizens' Union, and it has no difficulty in meeting all the expenses of publication, store hire and other incidentals that will mean before election day a matter of several more thousand dollars. Friends of the league have given generously to the campaign fund—some as high as $500 in one donation, with the promise of more if needed. The league's campaign is not hampered by lack of funds, even if the Citizens' Union is, and the former shows a commendable anxiety to turn every surplus dollar it has to spare into the treasury of the Citizens' Union. At the start the campaign literature of the league was distributed and mailed mainly along lines laid down by the Citizens' Union.

Unlike the Dowie crusade the league makes no house to house visitations. So far its members, have not been laid under the necessity of buttonholing the women they meet to plead for the fusion ticket to which they are committed. Instead posters and cards containing facts about Mayor Low's administration are sent into every district to be distributed in stores, private houses, public buildings—wherever, in fact, they will be displayed—and over the afternoon tea cups loyal members of the league make a point of denying themselves the happiness of discussing the servant question and the last importation of fashions to discourse seriously of what good government has done for New York city.

The committee on meetings is, perhaps, the busiest and the most important of the three. It has its hands full. One of the most important features of its work, or what it considers the most important, is providing women speakers to address meetings, principally for women, and which are held two or three times a week, mainly in the tenement districts.

So far the speakers have been members of the league and they have included Mrs. Frederick Nathan, who addressed a large meeting last Tuesday afternoon at the College Settlement; Mrs. A. J. Wilson, Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. H. S. Tonjes, Mrs. Lillian D. Betts and others. Meetings of the same sort were begun during the political campaign two years ago, and at that time met only with indifferent success. Many poor women attended, thinking there were to be refreshments afterward. When they found out their mistake their interest in the meetings died out.

This year, though, it is different. Nearly always the speakers have had a good-sized audience which apparently takes some interest in what is said. Mrs. Strong, who is at the head of the meetings committee, said:

"The aim of the speakers is not so much to denounce Tammany and its works, as to teach the women with whom they come in contact what good government is and what the Low administration has done for New York. As a sort of addenda to these meetings, the speakers have arranged a series of free excursions to North Brother Island, which, with its improved hospital accommodations, furnishes, they think, an excellent object lesson of the results of good government."

Two of these excursions have already taken place and there will be two or three more during this week. They are principally for women, but men are not barred.

At the Union Square headquarters there are two meetings every day, the principal one at the noon hour. So far, the Citizens' Union has taken up the task of finding speakers for these. Singularly enough there have been no women speakers and seldom more than a dozen women at any time in an audience of perhaps one hundred men. Yet the place is right in the heart of the shopping district. Perhaps the women haven't found out what is going on there.

A delegate from the Citizens' Union introduces the speakers—sometimes there are three or four of them—and takes charge of the meeting.

Till last Thursday the speakers at the fifteen-minute meetings held at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at the same place, were also men, but during this week the committee means to have a woman speaker every other afternoon.

But that is not all. The committee on meetings is working hard just now, in co-operation with the Citizens' Union, to hold the reins so to speak at the men's meeting which is to be held in Carnegie Hall next Tuesday evening. Miss Margaret Chanler, chairman of the campaign committee, will preside and introduce the speakers, all of whom are well known fusion leaders. It will be probably the first time that a political meeting held in a large public hall, and at night, has ever been presided over by a woman.

A WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY.

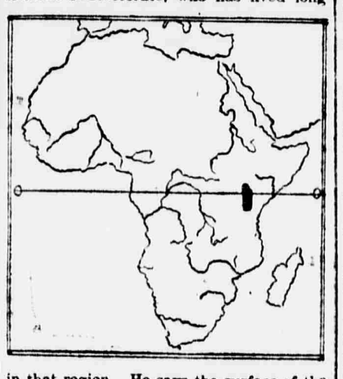
The African Plateau Under the Equator Where European Children Thrive.

Between Mount Kenia, the great snow mountain of equatorial Africa, and Victoria Nyanza is a plateau or series of plateaus, as large as New York State. Every white man who has ever been there, from Joseph Thomson, who discovered it, to the latest traveller, declares that it is perfectly fitted to be colonized by many thousands of the white race.

It is directly under the equator; and because it is the only region in equatorial Africa that offers a field for settlement by north Europeans, it is worth while to show its exact position on this little map. The area in black on the map is the plateau.

It was judicious to be sceptical about the fitness of any part of equatorial Africa for white colonists; but the unanimity of testimony concerning this plateau seems to have settled the question in its favor.

The latest testimony comes from C. Eliot, British Commissioner in the East African Protectorate, who has lived long



in that region. He says the surface of the plateau resembles the downs of England.

Here and there large forests of fine timber are scattered among the wide expanses of grazing and tillable lands. All kinds of European vegetables flourish, water is abundant, and the soil is very fertile.

"Ten years' experience," he says, "shows that the climate is healthy and invigorating and that European children born in the country can live and thrive there. The mean average temperature is 67 degrees Fahrenheit at 9 A.M., and 78 degrees Fahrenheit at noon, while the nights are much colder and the thermometer often goes down to 45 degrees in the early morning.

"On the Settima range, about half a degree south of the equator, I have experienced 1 degree of frost at 6 A. M. At Nairobi the heat increases at times to 80 degrees at midday and remains stationary till about 2:30 P. M., when it cools down, but the average is somewhat lower."

Mr. Eliot says this is a white man's country. He did not believe it at first. "but increased facilities of travelling have perhaps enabled me to acquire a larger personal experience of different parts of the protectorate than is possessed by any one else at present; and I have no hesitation in stating my conviction that Europeans can live and thrive not merely in patches of territory here and there, but practically anywhere in the highlands; that is to say, anywhere in the large area comprising the Lumbwa and Nandi territory, Mau the southern part of the Rift Valley, Settima and Laikipia, the whole Kenya province, Kikuyu and probably the whole of Ukamba, as far east as Makindu."

The reason this great plateau is fitted to become the home of white men is that its surface is twice as high above the sea as the top of the highest mountain in the Catskills. In other words, it is over 8,000 feet above sea level. This great altitude gives it a temperate climate in tropical Africa.

A railroad now crosses the plateau; but a generation may pass before many colonists go there. Some of the native tribes are not yet well disposed toward white men. There must be markets and ample facilities for transportation before many whites will be tempted to immigrate. But this is one of the reserves of Africa which will some day become a centre of white industry and civilization.

REFORMATION OF A BAD MAN.

Henry Starr, Outlaw Leader, Has Taken an Indian Wife and Will Settle Down.

Henry Starr, leader of the Starr band of outlaws, notorious in the Indian Territory, twice convicted of murder and with many robberies, for one of which he served a term of fifteen years in the penitentiary, behind him, has reformed and taken an Indian wife. She belongs to what the society reports in the Territory call a prominent Cherokee family, and she is one of the prettiest girls in all the Territory as well.

She is a graduate of a seminary and is bright and interesting and has reformed Henry Starr.

He met her when he was compelled to ask for a night's lodging at her aunt's home a few months ago, and no misdeeds have been recorded against him since. The other day he and the Indian girl had a wedding in the hotel at Muskogee, and everybody agreed that they were the handsomest pair seen in that town since it was a town. Now they have gone to Starr's farm to settle down to a quiet life.

Everybody in the Indian Territory and a great many people outside it know the fame of the Starr gang. The band terrorized Texas, southern Kansas and the States adjoining for years. Sam Starr got the gang together and was reckoned the leader, but his wife, Belle Starr, was the brains of the band.

Sam Starr was killed fourteen years ago by a desperado named Watson, a fugitive from justice whom he had befriended. Belle Starr died soon afterward while United States deputy marshals were seeking her in vain. Then Henry was looked upon as the leader of the band.

His daring was admired even by the officers who were hunting him. When he killed Deputy Floyd Wilson in a duel eight years ago, with the odds against him, though he was captured and tried for the killing no jury would convict him, and he was released. Now he has reformed, he says, and won't lead outlaws any more.

Monograms on Women's Waists.

The fashion of having monograms and crests on men's shirt sleeves has extended to women's shirt and silk waists. The wearer's coat of arms, crest or monogram is embroidered on the left sleeve between the cuff and the elbow. Some stores and dressmakers now employ hands on embroidery work exclusively, such is the existing demand for sleeve initials, &c.

HOW DID THIS WOMAN KNOW?

FEATS THEY TELL OF A FORTUNE TELLER IN BINGHAMTON.

The Recovery of Lost Goods Her Strong Hold—Missing Articles Found Just Where She Said They Would Be—Things That Her Customers Can't Explain.

BINGHAMTON, Oct. 24.—This is a characteristically proper middle New York town, with the regulation number of churches, banks, schools, mills, mill sites and dam sites. But more than this, it has a title to distinction that outweighs all other considerations. It is the home of a soothsayer, a real No. 1, first chop, topside sayer of soothing things, without any discount at all.

This oracular individual does not confine herself to mystical allusions and veiled prophecies of vague and unnamed good fortune certain to come some time in the future if you only wait long enough. She deals in facts so hard and cold that they glitter, and there is just a sufficient admixture of past, present and future in them to drive them home all the harder.

Almost anybody can tell some kinds of facts from the past, but facts of that sort this woman fails to mention. She does business with the facts that only two or three persons know and they usually have a vigorous desire to keep them dark.

Her special stronghold is the recovery of stolen goods, or things that have been lost, and the range of her operations seems to have no particular limit. For instance, there was the case the other day of the doctor's wife.

She had lost a valuable brooch. As usual in such cases, it was one to which she was attached for particular reasons, outside of its intrinsic value.

It happened that she had not worn it for several months, and supposed that it was in the case with the rest of her jewels. When she had occasion to use it, it could not be found.

There was a commotion in the house. An inventory of the jewels showed that the brooch was the only article missing. That seemed to dispose of the theory that there had been a robbery, at least by any one outside of the house.

There was, of course, the usual suspicion that some one of the servants had taken it. The house was searched from top to bottom. Every nook and cranny was ransacked. The brooch could not be found.

Because it had been a gift from the doctor, his wife was unwilling to tell him that it had been lost, until every possible means of recovering it had been exhausted. In this dilemma she thought of the soothsayer. Straightway she called on that remarkable person, and, without making herself or her errand known, received an appointment for the next morning.

This miracle worker does business with many of the usual accompaniments. You write your given name on a slip of paper and turn it face down on the table. Then you write whatever question you desire to ask and turn it down also.

The soothsayer's eyes are closed. She folds up the papers, with the writing inside, and rubs them on her head. Then the trance begins.

The doctor's wife had asked simply where her pin was. The clairvoyant began by describing the pin. Then she remarked that it had not been stolen, and that Mrs. Doctor's suspicions of her servant were groundless.

In a certain room of the house there was a chiffonier the top of which extended back a little in the rear of the glass. On this ledge, behind the mirror, the pin was then lying.

Mrs. Doctor got home as quickly as she could. She knew the chiffonier very well. It was in the doctor's room. It had already been searched, but no one happened to look behind the glass. There, sure enough, the brooch was found.

When the doctor came home his wife asked him about it. He remembered at once having picked up the pin just before they went away for the summer and put it there to tease his wife. Then he forgot all about it.

Now, says the doctor's wife, how did that woman know all about it? She was never in the house and couldn't have known anything about the chiffonier in the doctor's room.

Then there was the case of the Angora cat. It belongs to the daughter of a banker, and had always been kept in the bank.

Not long ago the bank changed its quarters and the kitten disappeared. There was a commotion of search, all in vain.

The loss was advertised in all the city papers, with offers of a reward, but with no success. The cat did not come back.

Thereupon the banker's daughter said she would consult the clairvoyant. The banker is a practical man and had no faith in such things, and he forbade it. The girl was not so sceptical however, and she got one of her friends to make the visit to the soothsayer for her.

This friend went at once, and wrote on the slip of paper the simple question, "Where is the cat?" The clairvoyant went into her usual trance.

"I hear the rattle of money," she said. "There is a great deal of it. It is in a bank."

She went on with some more remarks of that sort and then got down to the business of the cat. The questioner was told to go back to the bank at once, and to go up three flights of stairs to a vacant room at the rear of the building. There the kitten would be found shut in.

Just as soon as the banker's daughter heard the clairvoyant's directions she went to the bank building and climbed the three flights of stairs. When she neared the vacant room she distinctly heard the kitten meowing.

The door was opened and there was the missing Angora, very thin and hungry. It had been gone for about a week. Now, the banker says, "How the devil did that kitten get there, and how did that woman know it was there?"

There is the case of the Colonel's widow's dog. It is a valuable setter, of which she is very fond. One day it disappeared.

Mrs. Colonel hunted everywhere she could think of. She asked all her friends. She advertised in all the papers offering a reward, with no questions asked, for the return of her setter. No result. As a last resort she consulted the clairvoyant.

When the preliminaries of the trance had been gone through with, the soothsayer directed the Colonel's widow to take her carriage and drive seven miles out on a certain road which she indicated. At that distance there would be a house, which was carefully described, at the right of the road.

Mrs. Colonel was to stop there and ask for her dog. It would be denied that any such dog was there. Mrs. Colonel was to insist, and, if necessary, force her way into the house. There she would find her dog.

Mrs. Colonel obeyed orders. She drove the seven miles and found the house. When she asked for her dog she was told that there was no dog on the premises. She insisted and made an excuse to get into the house.

The reluctance of the residents to admit her only confirmed her suspicion. She stuck it to and finally got inside. Then she heard the whining of a dog, but could not locate it exactly.

She inquired where it was and was told that it was something else that she heard. By this time her blood was up and she would not be denied.

The whining kept up and grew louder. She finally located it in the cellar and demanded that she be taken there. The people in the house evidently began to be fearful of the results, for they let her go down.

There she found her dog, tied up. She released him and took him home. When the Society for Psychological Research has a day or two off it can come to Binghamton and get all the facts in this case without any trouble whatever.

Within a few days there has occurred the case of the fur circular. It was the property of the mistress of a private school. During the usual fall house cleaning and renovation it was put out on the line in the yard, whence it disappeared.

The owner made the customary hue and cry without finding her circular, and, as almost always happens, suspicion fell on one of the servants. The police were called in, but could no nothing. Then the owner went to see the clairvoyant.

The circular was stolen, was the verdict, but not by one of the servants, as was suspected. It was taken by an extremely dark man, who carried it away. The owner should go home and advertise her loss, offering a reward. On the third day of the advertisement the circular would be returned.

The school mistress followed instructions. On the morning of the third day a farmer drove up to the house and inquired for her. When she saw him he began to ask questions about the circular. He had her describe it in minute detail, and when she had finished said:

"Your circular is out in my wagon."

It was, sure enough, the missing circular. When it had been delivered the farmer said he supposed the lady would like to know how it came in his possession. She said she certainly would, and he replied that on the day which she had given as the date of the theft he had bought the circular for $1 from an Armenian who had come to his house with it.

The Armenian had said that his wife had run away with another man, taking everything they had except this circular. It was now no good to him, and he would sell it for a dollar.

The farmer suspected that it had been stolen and thought the owner would be glad to pay a dollar to get it back. So he bought it and waited for the advertisement.

These are some of the more remarkable cases of this clairvoyant's skill in recovering lost or stolen articles. A great many more might be cited.

When it comes to the business of fortune telling there is the same old platitude that is the main stock in trade of most of them, but there is enough of solid fact in such cases as these to set Binghamton people to wondering what is the explanation.

NEBRASKA'S GROWING WEALTH.

Her Bank Deposits Have Increased Over $60,000,000 in Seven Years.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 24.—Nebraska did pretty well this year for a State without mines and with little manufacturing. The State Labor Commissioner, who is by law charged with the compilation of crop statistics, has just figured out that the value of all the products of the soil this year is $250,000,000, which is $250 for every inhabitant and $1,000 for every family of four.

Out of the inexhaustible earth has come this great flood of wealth in the shape of wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, hay, potatoes, butter, eggs, poultry, live stock, fruit and sugar beets. The value of the products of the farms of Nebraska in 1900 was $162,000,000, which was three times as great as ten years before.

These figures will give some idea of the tremendous strides toward material wealth that Nebraska is making. They show why she is able to lend the East millions every year and require back only a small part of it to move her crops.

The Labor Commissioner says that there is not a State in the Union that produces so much per head in agriculture as Nebraska does. This is what has carried the State's bank deposits from $32,000,000 in 1896 to $95,000,000 this year, an increase of over $60,000,000 in seven years. President Burnham of the First National Bank, in his address at the bankers' convention here recently, said that the amount of Eastern paper carried by Nebraska banks at the present would reach nearly $3,000,000.

One phase of banking which was severely reprobated at this meeting is that proposed by New York trust companies of recent origin. It was asserted by several of the bankers that agents of these companies have been soliciting business in the West, seeking to get the New York accounts of Nebraska banks. They have offered 3½ per cent. interest on daily balances, and have intimated that if the banks would regard the balance as a dead account—although it could be checked upon, if necessary—they would pay more than that. When asked how they could afford to pay such rates, the agents replied that they loaned their deposits on real estate at 6 and 6½ per cent. on ten and twenty years' time.

Most of the bankers turned down this proposition, which they regarded as unsafe because of the small cash reserve—5 per cent.—carried by the companies. An effort to secure a law permitting the trust companies to establish branches here was made last winter, but it failed through the activity of the State association.

SHOE HORNS.

You Can Get One for Nothing or Pay $100 or More for One, as You Prefer.

There are shoe horns to be had for nothing, these being given to the purchasers of shoes, and then there are shoe horns that cost $100 apiece or more. The shoe horn is made in these days in very great variety and of many materials, including celluloid, steel, fine woods, silver, tortoise shell, ivory and gold.

Celluloid shoe horns are made in different sizes and in all colors. They cost as low as 10 cents.

It is the steel shoe horn in its simplest form that is given away to the purchasers of shoes, and then there are finer horns of steel, nickel plated and handsomely finished, that sell for 50 cents, 75 cents, or it might be $1. Some of these have a buttonhook at the end of the handle.

Shoe horns in fine woods are made of ebony and of snakewood. Either can be bought for 75 cents.

Ivory shoe horns come in probably fifty or more varieties. There are some a foot in length, which might prove very convenient for a man of generous girth, who didn't want to bend too low. There are horns of stained ivory, horns with carved handles, and horns perfectly plain and simple in design. You can buy one for as little as $3, or from that up to $14.

There are tortoise shell shoe horns that sell for more than the finest one of ivory. One of amber would cost $25.

There are silver shoe horns in a score of patterns as to the handles, and in a still greater number of varieties, counting styles of finish. Thus there is a silver shoe horn with a Louis XVI. handle, and one with a handle in marquise style; another with a handle in renaissance, one with a George III. handle, and so on; and in these silver shoe horns new styles are added from time to time in an endeavor for further variety and fresher novelty. Silver shoe horns are sold at all sorts of prices, ranging from $4.50 to $22.

Then there are gold shoe horns that may cost $100 or more, one of good size, but perfectly plain and simple in design and finish, of bright yellow gold with a polished finish, selling for $105.

BELGIANS GREAT ON BANDS.

SIGHTS AT ANTWERP WHERE PEOPLE REALLY LOVE MUSIC.

A Serenade With No Beer and No Speech —Public Competitions on Sunday—A City Where Every Society Has Its Band —Good Natured as Well as Musical.

"I believe the Belgians are the greatest band musicians on earth," said a man just back from Antwerp. "When we reached Antwerp, we had no sooner tied up at the pier than I heard a whole military band coming down the dock.

"Now I am a man of some importance in my own town, and I have before now been received with a brass band; but I could not see why it should happen in Antwerp, where I was not expected by the authorities. You must understand that I was the only passenger on the ship, so that plainly the demonstration seemed aimed at me, and I just thought up a little speech to be ready with when the band hove in sight.

"But I was mistaken. It was the ship's regular band, made up of stewards in the regular employ of the line, every one of them a good musician. They were so glad to see their ship back again that they came marching down to greet it playing glad melodies.

"Every one of those fellows was an ordinary steward, signed as such, but a capable musician also. When the band is not playing on a regular trip they all take hold and do steward's work, like the others.

"Now there are not many nations in which you can find ship's stewards who are also capable band musicians; but that's Belgium. Every ship of this line has its stewards' band, formed in the same way and playing rattling good music.

"Well, I spent a week in Antwerp and there I learned a good deal about Belgian band music. One evening I strolled out upon the principal street. I hadn't gone far when I heard another band and saw about forty musicians in uniform come marching down the street until they stopped before a fine residence, where, with a great crowd surrounding, they lined up and played several airs.

"Now, I'm in politics myself, and I thought that after about the third tune a fat man with a forty-rod smile was going to come out on the balcony, bow to the crowd and tell us all why he was a Democrat. Then he'd say that, if elected, he would see to it that the Fourteenth ward had everything that was coming to it and a few specialties of that sort, and would end by inviting them all to come in and open a keg of beer with him.

"But no such thing happened. Some children came to an upper window and listened and clapped their hands, but there was no political speech and no beer offering. By-and-by the band marched away still playing. I asked a bystander what it was all about and he said:

"'Oh, nodings. Dey schoost amuse demselves.'

"Well, that seems to be the way they do it in Belgium. The people 'schoost amuse demselves' with music—good music, too. Just as a sample you can hear excellent music almost every evening in the Place Verte from a band of fifty or more musicians supported by the Government. The bandstand itself is a most elaborate structure of carved stone, which cost about $60,000.

"Besides this every organization in Antwerp, whether a guild or a trades union or a social society, has its military band, composed of some of its own members, and on Sundays these bands compete all day long in the Place Verte for a prize. From 9 in the morning until 5 at night a new band takes the stand every hour and plays its best until it is time for the next band to come on. The verdict is decided by a popular vote of the assembled people in the square and at the cafés, and the prize winners are immensely proud.

"These bands come marching in from the suburbs and surrounding villages at all hours Saturday night and Sunday morning, playing lustily and as full of good natured pranks as schoolboys on a holiday. I saw an amusing thing late one Saturday night, which was further typical of the politeness and good nature of the Belgians.

"A band marched up in front of a café and played a lively air, then marched in and stood carefully in line. The bandmaster raised his baton, and in perfect unison the company exclaimed in French: 'We have no money,' and looked longingly at the bar.

"The proprietor looked at them. There were forty. Then he shook his head with an apologetic shrug and a smile.

"'It is not to drink, Messieurs,' he said.

"'Merci, M'sieur,' replied the band in concert.

"Then at a wave of the baton they filed out, lifted their instruments, played a bar or two more of the tune and marched on, thirsty still, but happy as ever.

"As the bands march playing to the square, the people follow them and dance in the street alongside, and as they march away the same thing happens.

"Nor is it the Place Verte alone that has its bands. All the squares and recreation grounds in the city have them. Every café has its orchestra, and the number of cafés to the street is a constant source of marvel to the visitor. About four persons out of five are engaged in selling light refreshment to the fifth one.

"Yes, I really believe the Belgians are the greatest music lovers and the greatest music makers on earth."

MACARONI WHEAT.

Its Cultivation Is Rapidly Extending in the United States.

Our Consuls in all the European countries where macaroni is manufactured have been asked by the Department of Commerce and Labor to inquire into the prospect of marketing this variety of our wheat crop in Europe.

Macaroni wheat is a rapidly increasing crop in the United States. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson said a few weeks ago that, according to all estimates, this year's crop is 10,000,000 bushels, against 2,000,000 bushels a year ago; and he predicts that next year's crop will be 25,000,000 bushels.

Macaroni wheat has cut so small a figure in our enormous wheat production that probably most of our people do not know what it is. The macaroni varieties are hard wheats, rich in gluten, which are especially adapted for growth in the semi-arid regions, like those in the southwest of our country and in parts of the Russian Empire.

The pasty gluten they contain particularly fits them for the manufacture of macaroni, vermicelli and other kinds of alimentary pastes which originated in Italy and are now a constantly growing industry in France, Germany, Switzerland, the United States and some other countries.

The French output of macaroni is about 170,000,000 pounds a year. A large part of the French imports of wheat, like that of other Mediterranean countries, is now derived from India, which yields the flour that is best adapted for making the tubular paste that in its various forms is the favorite wheaten food of the Mediterranean states. The only Italian wheat that is noted for its quality is that of Apulia, in the southeast, where there is grown a hard wheat well adapted for making macaroni.

Our own macaroni output is still small, and if our crop of macaroni wheat continues to increase, as now seems probable, we shall not be able to market all of it at home. As the macaroni making countries of Europe are compelled to buy an important part of their macaroni stock, it seems likely that we shall have no difficulty in selling our surplus abroad.